take my pain and turn it into gold

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take my pain and turn it into gold

by itookyoudown

Summary

Whiskey on their breath and dirt under their nails and their independent victories ensuring a mutually matching lust. Leant against each other for comfort long before Raylan's bent Tim over for pleasure.

Notes

written for thanksgivenson 2024. prompt: rodeo cowboys + rope bondage

"This ain't exactly what I had in mind when you invited me to ride you."

Tim's accent is heavy on the drawl. Something about the heady heat of Kentucky's summer lures it out of him, makes even his tongue feel sweaty while he's squirming on the bed.

It was already unmade when they careened into Raylan's motel room.

The Raylan Givens.

All hat and all cattle. Bonafide bronco buster. Champion team roper, famous heeler.

Whiskey on their breath and dirt under their nails and their independent victories ensuring a mutually matching lust. Leant against each other for comfort long before Raylan's bent him over for pleasure.

"That so?" Raylan's smile is near an audible thing as his thumb adventures the span of Tim's shoulder blades. He's kneeling on the bed, thighs spread and spine curled as Raylan stands tall behind him. Tim's hands are trapped against the small of his back. Despite the sweltering temperature, Tim's shiver travels all the way to his toes. "'cause this right here is exactly what I've had in mind for you all night."

The blinds are flipped shut and the curtains drawn to block out all but a sliver of blue-red-purple neon glow from the bar next door. There's shadow all over the room. The rope around Tim's wrists tightens. Handcuff knot, Raylan had oh-so-helpfully named it while preaching far too many details on the merits and faults of knots and make of the rope itself. A cowboy at play with his tools.

Tim could still get away. If he tried. If he wanted. His arms are tied, but his legs are free, and Raylan never did lock the motel door.

"Yeah?" Tim asks one question while another question is buried under his tongue. "Before or after the gold?"

The third question he swallows. He glances at his golden belt, left on the nightstand. Tim ain't even worn it yet.

Raylan's smile never leaves his words. "Would that be your gold or mine?"

Tim's old enough to understand he likely ain't the first boy to be here he is and certainly he won't be the last. The room's gone stale from more than the busted AC. Tim's, technically speaking, still too young to drink but he's old enough to fuck and for his whole life everybody's thought he's smart and strong enough to get his noggin scrambled by the steer and bulls.

He'd say he's earned a dick in him as much as he's earned his championship belt. Tim's the first nineteen year old to win gold in rough stock at this end of the circuit since the sixties. Though the big winnings from tonight is this. Just this. Having Raylan's attention, taking his time. His hands on Tim's skin, his tongue inside Tim's mouth.

Not the first boy to catch the keen eye of and be stripped bare before Raylan Givens, but maybe Tim's the best boy Raylan's ever caught. Maybe he'll stick. Years from now, could be Raylan won't remember much about another piece of shine on his mantle, but he'll recall how tight Tim's hole was.

Raylan's the type who'll be rodeo forever. He'll be a rodeo star in this life and his legend will outlive him. In a way, that makes Tim forever too.

It's a real sweet thought.

"You so sure your gold is yours?" Tim makes himself ask even while he tries to forget Raylan's event. He'd been whittling away the last of the daylight hours and the start of the bull riding. Givens and Crowder took first place, as they're wont to do, but when they basked in sunset and soaked up the crowd's love, Raylan had let his header hold both their golden buckles.

"And what exactly do you think you're implyin' with a smartass comment like that." Raylan gooses Tim's ass as he says the matching word.

"Crowder always carries out your winnings for both y'all." Tim tests the rope's hold. There's no give to it, not at all, and he almost hates himself for how hard that makes him.

Could be Raylan only goes with boys like Tim 'cause he's already got himself a man in his bed at home. Sharing a bed together like proper faggots. Wouldn't that be something?

"So, what, do y'all fuck."

Tim doesn't even bother saying it like a question.

"No, we don't. Never have. Never will." The slip of bitterness in Raylan's voice lets Tim know it's the truth. "I let Boyd handle the money, it's why he does what we do. Not me. I'm in it for the countdown and the chase. Why you askin' after a thing like that anyway?"

Raylan lets his mouth take the place of his fingers. Kissing Tim in all the places he's been petting and pawing at before. "Were you hopin' you'd get the team treatment tonight?"

"No," Tim gasps as Raylan's teeth retrace the path of his fingers, his lips, his tongue. He looks to the unlocked door, to the invasion of the neon. "No," he says again. "Not that."

Tim left the bar with Raylan and Raylan alone.

"Good boy."

He steps away and locks the motel door. Both the knob and the chain.

When Raylan comes back to bed, he presses his smile against the nape of Tim's neck before he cuts another length of rope with his boot knife. This one he wraps around Tim's wiry chest and the smattering of newly sprouted hair there. He shivers all over again as the coarse press of the rope teases his erect nipples.

Tim looks down, watches with heavy breathes as Raylan twists and wraps two cut ropes until it cuts an X across his front and wraps around his back. Raylan ties it all together then and uses his hold on the rope to guide Tim face down onto the bed. Leapfrog style.

He goes Raylan puts him. Stays there too. Keeps breathing hard, the tip of his prick wet and his hole quivering as Raylan gets out the lube. He works his fingers until Tim's panting and then he doesn't put his cock in until Tim's moaning.

Getting fucked by Raylan while he's bound up is a lot like riding the bull.

All Tim's got to do is take whatever happens.

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